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## THE LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND  
SYMPATHISE WITH ALL.

### THE WAITER.

GOING into the City the other day upon business, we took a chop at a tavern, and renewed our acquaintance, after years of interruption, with that swift and untiring personage, yclept a waiter. We mention this long interval of acquaintance, in order to account for any deficiencies that may be found in our description of him. Our Readers perhaps will favour us with a better. He is a character before the public: thousands are acquainted with him, and can fill up the outline. But we felt irresistibly impelled to sketch him; like a portrait-painter who comes suddenly upon an old friend, or upon an old servant of the family.

We speak of the waiter properly and generally so called,—the representative of the whole, real, official race,—and not of the humourist or other eccentric genius occasionally to be found in it,—moving out of the orbit of tranquil but fiery waiting,—not absorbed,—not devout towards us,—not silent or monosyllabic;—fellows that affect a character beyond that of waiter, and get spoiled in club-rooms, and places of theatrical resort.

Your thorough waiter has no ideas out of the sphere of his duty and the business; and yet he is not narrow-minded either. He sees too much variety of character for that, and has to exercise too much consideration for the "drunken gentleman." But his world is the tavern, and all mankind but its visitors. His female sex are the maid-servants and his young mistress, or the widow. If he is ambitious, he aspires to marry one of the latter: if otherwise, and Molly is prudent, he does not know but he may carry her off some day to be mistress of the Golden Lion at Chinksford, where he will "show off" in the eyes of Betty Laxon who refused him. He has no feeling of noise itself but as the sound of dining, or of silence but as a thing before dinner. Even a loaf with him is hardly a loaf; it is so many "breads." His longest speech is the making out of a bill *viva voce*—"Two beefs—one potatoes—three ales—two wines—six and twopence"—which he does with an indifferent celerity, amusing to new-comers who have been relishing their fare, and not considering it as a mere set of items. He attributes all virtues to everybody, provided they are civil and liberal; and of the existence of some vices he has no notion. Gluttony, for instance, with him, is not only inconceivable, but looks very like a virtue. He sees in it only so many more "beefs," and a generous scorn of the bill. As to wine, or almost any other liquor, it is out of your power to astonish him with the quantity you call for. His "Yes Sir" is as swift, indifferent, and official, at the fifth bottle as at the first. Reform and other public events he looks upon purely as things in the newspaper, and the newspaper as a thing taken in at taverns, for gentlemen to read. His own reading is confined to "Accidents and Offences," and the advertisements for Butlers, which latter he peruses with an admiring fear, not chusing to give up "a certainty." When young, he was always in a hurry, and exasperated his mis-

tress by running against the other waiters, and breaking the "neguses." As he gets older, he learns to unite swiftness with caution; declines wasting his breath in immediate answers to calls; and knows, with a slight turn of his face, and elevation of his voice, into what precise corner of the room to pitch his "Coming, Sir." If you told him that, in Shakespeare's time, waiters said "Anon, anon, Sir," he would be astonished at the repetition of the same word in one answer, and at the use of three words instead of two; and he would justly infer, that London could not have been so large, nor the chop-houses so busy in those days. He would drop one of the two syllables of his "Yes, Sir," if he could; but business and civility will not allow it; and therefore he does what he can by running them together in the swift sufficiency of his "Yezsir."

Thomas!

Yezsir.

Is my steak coming?

Yezsir.

And the pint of port?

Yezsir.

You'll not forget the postman?

Yezsir.

For in the habit of his acquiescence Thomas not seldom says "Yes, Sir," for "No, Sir," the habit itself rendering him intelligible.

His morning dress is a waistcoat or jacket; his coat is for afternoons. If the establishment is flourishing, he likes to get into black as he grows elderly; by which time also he is generally a little corpulent, and wears hair-powder, dressing somewhat laxly about the waist, for convenience of movement. Not however that he draws much upon that part of his body, except as a poise to what he carries; for you may observe that a waiter, in walking, uses only his lowest limbs, from his knees downwards. The movement of all the rest of him is negative, and modified solely by what he bears in his hands. At this period he has a little money in the funds, and his nieces look up to him. He still carries however a napkin under his arm, as well as a corkscrew in his pocket; nor, for all his long habit, can he help feeling a satisfaction at the noise he makes in drawing a cork. He thinks that no man can do it better; and that Mr Smith, who understands wine, is thinking so too, though he does not take his eyes off the plate. In his right waistcoat pocket is a snuff-box, with which he supplies gentlemen late at night, after the shops are shut up, and when they are in desperate want of another fillip to their sensations, after the devil and toasted cheese. If particularly required, he will laugh at a joke, especially at that time of night, justly thinking that gentlemen towards one in the morning "will be facetious." He is of opinion it is in "human nature" to be a little fresh at that period, and to want to be put into a coach.

He announces his acquisition of property by a bunch of seals to his watch, and perhaps rings on his fingers; one of them a mourning ring left him by his late master, the other a present, either from his nieces' father, or from some ultra-goodnatured old gentleman whom he helped into a coach one night, and who had no silver about him.

To see him dine, somehow, hardly seems natural. And he appears to do it as if he had no right. You

catch him at his dinner in a corner,—huddled apart,—"Thomas dining!" instead of helping dinner. One fancies that the stewed and hot meats and the constant smoke, ought to be too much for him, and that he should have neither appetite nor time for such a meal.

Once a year (for he has few holidays) a couple of pedestrians meet him on a Sunday in the fields, and cannot conceive for the life of them who it is; till the startling recollection occurs—"Good God! It's the waiter at the Grogam!"

### THOUGHTS ON LANGUAGE.

BY EGERTON WEBBE.

No. IV.

HAVING got rid of America as well as I could, and having endeavoured to show that the principle of advancement in all things,—and therefore in language—is a universal principle, urging men not less in isolated societies than in congregated nations, I consider I have done my best to make good my first proposition, viz. "That we are sent into the world with the seeds of this faculty within us, and that it is as much a part of our instinct to use the tongue and the voice in those articulations and inflexions that have their accomplishment in speech, as it is to apply the hands, the arms, the legs, &c. to the several uses for which they are designed by Providence."

I therefore turn now to the second proposition; which was, "That there is a propensity to accompany every new discovery, meaning the first sight of every new object, with some exclamation."

To argue from the child to the man is, upon the whole, a just and sound method. The primitive affections are few, and early developed, and how wide soever in appearance the difference may be which exists between the mind at two years of age and the mind at forty, such difference lies in the accession of no new principles, but only in the infinite diversification of that small original stock. There is no after-passion, to be cut like the teeth,—whatever some people may think of the passion of love; which expresses the same thing, whether it be spoken of an infant or a man, the medium of the passion only being different, as the age is different. It was therefore said as philosophically as beautifully, that "the child is father to the man," for all that comes after childhood is the offspring and consequence of childhood; and if we would educe the principles of human nature, we cannot study to greater advantage than from the mind of a child, for then we go to the fountain head for information.

To the nursery then.—I have taken it as a safe principle, that utterance of some kind is a part of instinct with us, as much as chirping is with birds, or humming with bees. It is a sort of indication of power which flatters the sense, and is indulged in from that cause, quite independently of a proposed object. Therefore, at first, I see no difference between these two cases. But, as the reasoning faculty begins to stir in the child's mind, the objects he handles and the sounds he utters come insensibly to be associated, and the seeds of language are thus sown; whilst in the case of an animal not endowed with reason, there are no ideas growing

up, with which such a union can be effected. One can hardly go wrong in an argument which proceeds on one of these principles—the instinct of self-preservation—the love of power. When we are threatened with danger, we instinctively apply that power for defence in which we happen to be strongest; and in offence, the same disposition actuates us. Now, a child comes into the world crying; even in that hour, therefore, it has a sense of uneasiness, of fear, of something which it resents, or would control; and its instinct moves it to use its voice for this purpose, because there is no other organ over which it has so much command. If it could kick more violently than it can cry, it would kick; if its hands had more strength than its lungs, it would thump; but it so happens that nothing about it possesses the same efficacy as its voice; and thus the little reluctant stranger is ushered in protesting against the cruel life in that sweet plaint, which everybody who has heard it must allow to be the most delightful music in the world; and which tempts me here to transcribe a little epigram—than which anything more perfect—whether you regard the beauty of the thought, the happiness of the expression, the sweet gravity of the moral, or the infinite classic grace of those two lovely pictures, thus brought before your eyes in as many distichs—does not, I think, exist. In all the Greek anthology there is nothing half so delicious, nothing half so exquisite, as this.

"On parent knees, a naked new-born child,  
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled.  
So live, that sinking in thy last long sleep,  
Calm thou may'st smile while all around thee weep."

The voice then is the prime, original seat of power with man. Hence it is exercised earliest, perfected earliest, and earliest associated with all the objects of desire and aversion. And I humbly declare my conviction, that this only circumstance, and no other cause—latent or apparent, has to answer for the origin of language. For if we, abstracting ourselves as much as possible from the prejudice of common associations, consider the structure of language, its wonderful artificial machinery, its arbitrary and capricious laws, its perplexed maze of relations and dependences, purely ideal, its utter inconsequence from any type in Nature or reason, and, lastly, its constitutional defects,—we cannot but perceive, that it is from no surpassing fitness for its discharge that the office of communication devolved upon the tongue. Had Nature so willed it, I am persuaded that a sort of visible speech, perhaps far more serviceable, more perfect than what we use, might have been furnished in a similar course of ingenious improvements on the original hint,—by the hands—the arms—the feet—the face—the head—almost any efficient organ of the body.† Nor will anyone question this, who considers the infinite capabilities of pantomime, and does not forget the extraordinary, and to us, almost incredible accounts, which have come down to us in the old writings relating to this subject; remembering too, that whatever has been achieved at any time in this way, has not had the strong moving principle of necessity working in its favour, but has been simply the fruit of ingenuity exercising itself in the service of pleasure. Besides this, there can be no doubt that the sense of sight is far more perfect than the sense of hearing, and whatever may be said of the power of the voice, with all its inflexions and modulations so expressive of the different qualifications of our meaning, there is the best reason for thinking that the visible offers a still wider and more various field of expression. Cicero acknowledges this, where, having mentioned the other senses and their different objects, he says, "*Illa vero oculorum multo acriora*," (but

\* From the Persian, by Sir Wm. Jones.

† "*Omnis enim motus animi suum quendam à natura habet vultum et sonum et gestum; totumque corpus hominis, et ejus omnis vultus omnesque voces, ut nervi in fidibus, ita sonant, ut à motu quoque sunt pulsæ.*" Cic. de Orat. iii. 57. (Every affection of the mind has, by nature, its own particular face, accent, and gesture; nay, the whole body of the man, face, voice, and all, like the strings of a violin, yield a certain tone even as they are struck.)

those which affect the sight are by far the most striking) and presently he enlarges on this idea, saying, with reference to the association of our ideas, "*Facilius enim ad ea, quæ visa, quam ad illa quæ audita sunt, mentis oculi ferantur*,"\* (for the mind's eye is more readily drawn to a perception of ideas connected with things visible, than with things audible), which was perhaps the hint that suggested those lines in the *Ars Poetica* to Horace:—

"*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,  
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.*"

The mind, by sounds not easily impressed,  
Then seems to wake to recognition best,  
When through the medium of the faithful eye addressed.

But because the voice is the seat of power in the child, so in the man it continues to be the predominant agent. Provided with this faculty, and led, in my opinion, by a natural instinct of the ear, which is independent of example, a child learns to create to himself a certain number of tones and inflexions proper for the expression of particular feelings, which tones and inflexions he, as it were, bids us accept as the conventional signs of those feelings. Thus, long before the use of definite words, he has framed a language of his own, sufficiently explicit for his occasions, and offers us, as I conceive, in this untutored exercise of his perceptions, a small but faithful representation of the rise of language among savage tribes. Nor can anything seem more natural than the subsequent passage from vocal inflexions to articulate words, for as those were a general and easy division of the voice into a few parts, when meanings were general and few, so these are only a subdivision or nicer partitioning of it—a multiplying of distinctions—to accommodate a more numerous retinue.

The voice serves the child in sorrow, in joy, in fear, in want—in every case; and the reason why young people are found to have a greater variety of modulations in their voices than grown up people, is that having in the first years of life necessarily depended altogether on the variations of the voice for the expression of their feelings, they retain, through the force of early habit, a great portion of those variations (which we mean when we speak of a "childish tone") after definite speech has rendered them no longer a necessary part of utterance.

But as curiosity is the ruling passion in infancy—for then everything is wonderful—so no new object can come before the eyes of a little child without exciting an emotion in him, which may be of fear or delight, desire or astonishment. Whatever it is, it is met with some exclamation. This is so much a habit at that wondering and delighted age, that you may sometimes see a multitude of toys given to a baby, one after another, every one of them eliciting from it some new syllable of surprise and satisfaction. It is usual, however, in giving anything new, to pronounce the name

\* De Orat. iii. 40—41. The English are, generally speaking, so phlegmatic a people, that they neither employ much gesticulation themselves, nor can conceive what legitimate claim mere "dumb show" can have to any place whatever in a system of oratory. So that, when they find this same dumb show occupying a principal share of the attention of all the ancient writers on that subject, they merely stare and go on; as for Demosthenes, the greatest orator that ever lived, he seems to them no better than a madman, with his action and his aphorism. They also look at a Frenchman, and are indignant to see him saying a thousand things with his shoulders, while they "pant after him in vain" in heavy-tongued despair. They ought to consider, however, that they themselves are out of order, and not their neighbours, who have to plead, not only Nature and their spirits, but the example of all former times. Indeed a very little reflection will convince us that, the more nearly any language stood in relation to a first state, the more would it be found associated with gesticulation; since gesticulation must, undoubtedly, in the beginning, have been a principal partner with speech in carrying on the business of communication. But however perfect any modern language may seem to be (and surely none is so perfect as the Greek) it cannot be a wise economy to reject gesture altogether. If no longer a necessary help, it is still a facility, and a grace. What our forefathers found a saving we may reckon as gain.

of it at the same time, and I have known a little girl at an early age, taught a vocabulary of natural history in this way with such success, that in—I should think—upwards of a hundred prints of different animals, many of them very slightly distinguishable, there was not one which she did not immediately name whenever it was afterwards presented to her; so vivid are, generally, the associations of children. But that it is Nature more than Art which is moving within them when they manifest this readiness to name the objects they behold, I am convinced. It may sometimes be noted of very young children, that having uttered some little fanciful word of their own when they have seen any person or thing they were struck with, they have, by association, repeated that very word on the next occasion of seeing such person or thing; so as in fact that they have at last continued wilfully to use a word of no received meaning in connection with some object. In such cases we say they "talk nonsense;" but I would willingly be informed, what higher and more authoritative title we stand upon in respect of our language—we who talk sense? We may say—the word "means nothing;" it is very clear to me, however, that it means the thing it is used for. The word that we should employ—the proper word—may have a "far-fetched pedigree" to point to, perhaps,—

("As far-fetched as a Greek noun's pedigree"\*)

but let us go back to the first generation, and then what becomes of our pride of meaning and prescriptive sense? In the case above alluded to, there is a palpable invention of language; quite palpable enough to illustrate to us the nature of the process as it must originally have existed among men.

\* 3rd. That this exclamation is not imitative, except in a rare and very limited sense."

Some reasoning on this head has already been given in the second number of these papers.

There may be two kinds of imitation in language; an imitation, or mocking, of the sound peculiar to the act or object, as in the word *buzz*; and an imitation, or adoption, of the characteristics of other words. The number of the former is insignificantly small; of the latter prodigiously extensive,—for there is hardly a word in any language which, in its first introduction, does not undergo a certain dressing, after the fashion of the class it belongs to; and probably of these two divisions of words—speaking with regard to derived languages—the only exceptions to be found to the latter will be in the former; since the example of the old words, their terminations, accentuation, characteristic vowel sounds, &c. will only have been disregarded in the formation of the new, where it has been for the sake of imitating a sound in nature.† But, with respect to the first spoken words in any original language, neither kind of imitation, I think, can have had a hand in their formation; the latter kind, plainly, not at all, there being no exemplar to copy from; the former kind hardly, for the reasons before stated;—if at all, in a very limited degree indeed, not extending beyond the few objects which were noticed. For I cannot bring myself to think that this species of intelligence which we call imitation—understanding by that word *mimicry*—forms any natural ingredient in the mind of a savage. He whose utmost endeavour is to live, will eagerly enough seize upon those means and manners which he perceives to conduce to the purposes of life, and, inso-

\* Cowley—Poetical Revenge.

† The Reader will understand this first kind of imitation to refer to *analogy*, that great arbiter, whose office is to modify and assimilate words, and to reduce the parts of a language under one common predicament. Thus some languages, like the Latin, are entirely Barytone;—of this the Peruvian language is, I believe, a modern example. Some are called, emphatically, "*analogous*," (such as, like our own, follow what is considered to be the natural order of the ideas) to distinguish them from the "*transpositive*," (those wherein that order admits of inversion). Yet even these, the "*transpositive*" are, in the ordinary sense, *analogous*; their very transpositions are regulated by analogy. In our language there is a tendency to cut short the ends of words; accordingly, analogy, like a master of the ceremonies, keeps the door, and before any strange word can gain admission, it must forthwith consent to part with its tail. Away go the *um's* and the *os's*, and every superfluous appendage, and in steps the astonished foreigner, nest as a native.



much, he will be an imitator; but here this disposition in him will terminate. *Mimicry* is a wanton imitation of small peculiarities, and finds no place in a mind bent on grave cares. It is a holiday thing, companion of ease and curious pleasure. It is the suggestion of a spirit in a state of enjoyment—the frothy top of a full cup,—not the partner of want.

A savage never laughs. *Mimicry*, however, always includes the ridiculous; if it does not express it, it implies a wilful and gratuitous observation of strange points—a quaint, self-humouring, unserious regard to the singular and the odd; and it effects its object by an abstraction of these features from the whole, and a preposterous raising of them into individual existence; than which nothing can be more contrary to the natural course of observation. It is so opposed in its nature to earnestness, that even in a case where it could serve purposes, one can hardly conceive a solemn being like a savage adopting it. It would not occur to his mind. Self-contemplation bounds his thoughts—contemplation of himself, or contemplation of nature as to himself,—but he has no supposition—no abstraction. Before the mind, however, can be in a condition to entertain ideas of mimicry, it must transfer itself beyond this self-centering circle, and be for a time wholly occupied and identified with another object. These three things—mimicry, satire, criticism—though by no means amongst the highest, are amongst the latest efforts of the mind. They are all excremental—all artificial and excessive—all of them bespeak a certain superfluity of observation.

For these reasons, in addition to what was urged before, I am inclined to regard as fallacious that favourite theory which ascribes to language an imitative origin.

[P. S. The extremely polite and obliging communication with which I have been favoured, through the hands of the Editor, from a Correspondent, W. F. Godolphin Waldron, has remained long unacknowledged, but not too long, I hope, for me to express my obligation to him for his kindness. The passages quoted were quite to the purpose, and the book from which they were taken shall, if possible, be seen.]

I take the same opportunity of acknowledging, with many thanks, the interesting and copious communication on this subject from Liverpool.]

### ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. LXIII.—SANDY WOOD; OR INVETERACY IN A GOOD HEART.

[We gave last week a 'Gentleman's Revenge,' in a story from Mr Miller's 'Legends of Scotland and Traditions of Cromarty.' We here give the stubborn yet affecting resentment of a less cultivated goodness, ignorant what to do with its feelings, and, therefore, doubly bent upon being obstinate. The Englishman's zeal in behalf of fair play at the conclusion, is very amusing.]

THE old enclosure of the burying ground (says Mr Miller), which seems originally to have been an earthen wall, has now sunk into a grassy mound; and on the southern and western sides, some of the largest trees of the fence, a fine stately ash, fluted like a Grecian column, a huge elm roughened over with immense wens, and a low bushy larch with a bent, twisted trunk, and weeping branches, spring directly out of it. At one place we see a flat tomb-stone lying a few yards outside the mound. The trees which shoot up on every side, fling so deep a gloom over it during the summer and autumn months, that we can scarcely decipher the epitaph; and in winter, it is not unfrequently buried under a heap of withered leaves. By dint of some little pains, however, we come to learn, from the darkened and half-dilapidated description, that the tenant below was one Alexander Wood, a native of Cromarty, who died in the year 1690; and that he was interred at this place by his own especial desire. His wife and some of his children have taken up their places beside him,—thus lying apart like a family of hermits; while his story which, almost too wild for tradition itself, is yet as authentic as most pieces of written history, affords a curious explanation of the circumstance which directed their choice.

Wood was a man of strong passions, sparingly gifted with common-sense, and exceedingly superstitious. No one could be kinder to one's friends or

relatives, or more hospitable to a stranger; but when once offended, he was implacable. He had but little in his power either as a friend or an enemy,—his course through the world lying barely beyond the bleak edge of poverty. If a neighbour dropped in by accident at meal time, he would not be suffered to quit his house until he had shared with him his simple fare. There was benevolence in the very grasp of his hand, and the twinkle of his eye, and in the little set speech, still preserved by tradition, in which he used to address his wife every time an old or mutilated beggar came to his door:—"Alms, gud-wife," he would say, "alms to the cripple, and the blind, and the broken down." When injured or insulted, however, and certainly no one could do either without being very much in the wrong, there was a toad-like malignity in his nature, which would come leaping out like the reptile from its hole, and no power on earth could shut it up again. He would sit hatching his venom for days and weeks together with a slow, tedious, unoperative kind of perseverance, that achieved nothing. He was full of anecdote, and, in all his stories, human nature was exhibited in only its brightest lights, and its deepest shadows, without the slightest mixture of that medium tint which gives colour to its working every-day suit. Whatever was bad in the better class, he transferred to the worse, and vice versa; and thus not even his narratives of the supernatural were less true to nature and fact than his narratives of mere men and women. And he dealt with the two classes of stories after one fashion,—lending the same firm belief to both alike.

In the house adjoining the one in which he resided, there lived a stout little man, a shoemaker, famous in the village for his great wit, and his very considerable knavery. His jokes were mostly practical, and some of them were exceedingly akin to felonies. Poor Wood could not understand his wit, but, in his simplicity of heart he deemed him honest, and would fain have prevailed with the neighbours to think so too. He knew it, he said, by his very look. Their gardens, like their houses, lay contiguous, and were separated from each other, not by a fence, but by four undressed stones, laid in a line. Year after year was the garden of Wood becoming less productive, and he had a strange misgiving, but the thing was too absurd to be spoken of, that it was growing smaller every season by the breadth of a whole row of cabbages. On the one side, however, were the back walls of his own and his neighbour's tenements, the four large stones stretched along the other; and nothing, surely, could be less likely than that either the stones or the houses should take it into their heads to rob him of his property. But the more he strove to exclude the idea, the more it pressed upon him. He measured, and remeasured, to convince himself that it was a false one, and found that he had fallen on just the means of establishing its truth; the garden was actually growing smaller. But how? Just because it was bewitched! It was shrinking into itself under the force of some potent enchantment, like a piece of plaiding in the fulling mill. No hypothesis could be more congenial; and he would have held by it, perhaps, until his dying day, had it not been struck down by one of those chance discoveries which destroy so many beautiful systems, and spoil so much ingenious philosophy, quite in the way that Newton's apple struck down the vortices of Descartes.

He was lying abed one morning in spring, about day-break, when his attention was excited by a strange noise that seemed to proceed from the garden. Had he heard it two hours earlier, he would have wrapped his head up in the bed-clothes and lain still; but now that the cock had crowed, it could not, he concluded, be other than natural. Hastily throwing on part of his clothes, he stole warily to a back window, and saw between him and the faint light that was beginning to peep out in the east, the figure of a man armed with a lever, tugging at the stones. Two had already been shifted a full yard nearer to the houses, and the figure was straining over a third. Wood crept stealthily out at the window, crawled on all-fours to the intruder, and, tripping up his heels, laid him across his lever. It was his knavish neighbour the shoemaker. A scene of noisy contention ensued; groups of half-dressed townsfolk, looming horrible in their shirts and night-caps through the grey of morning, came issuing through the lanes and the closes; and the combatants were dragged asunder. And well was it for the shoemaker that it happened so; for Wood, though in his sixtieth year, was strong enough, and more than angry enough, to have torn him to pieces. Now, however, that the warfare had to be carried on by words, the case was quite reversed.

"Neebors," said the shoemaker, who had the double advantage of being exceedingly plausible, and decidedly in the wrong; "I'm desperately ill used this morning, desperately ill used. He would baith rob and murder me. I lang jaloused, ye ou, that my wee bit o' a yard was growing littler and littler ilka season; and though no verra ready to suspect folks, I just thought I would keep watch, and see wha was shifting the mark stanes. Weel, and I did; late and

early did I watch for mair now than a fortnight, and wha did I see this morning through the back winnock but auld Sandy Wood there in his verra sark. O, it's no him that has any thought o' his end! poking the stanes wi' a lang kebar, until the verra heart o' my grun'. See," said he, pointing to the one that had not yet been moved, "see if he hasna shifted it a lang ell; and only notice the craft o' the body in turring up the yard about the lave, as if they had been a' moved frae my side. Weel, I came out and challenged him, as wha widna? Says I, Sawney, my man, that's no honest; I'll no bear that; and nse mair had I time to say, when up he flew at me like a wull cat, and if it wasna for your-sels, I dare say he would hae throttled me. Look how I'm bleddan; and only till him,—look till the cankart deceitful bodie, if he has one word to put in for himsel'."

There was truth in, at least, the last assertion; for poor Wood, mute with rage and astonishment, stood listening, in utter helplessness, to the astounding charge of the shoemaker,—almost the very charge he himself had to prefer. Twice did he spring forward to grapple with him, but the neighbours held him back, and every time he essayed to speak, his words, massed and tangled together, like wreaths of seaweed in a hurricane, actually stuck in his throat. He continued to rage for three days after, and when the eruption had at length subsided, all his former resentments were found to be swallowed up, like the lesser craters of a volcano, in the gulf of one immense hatred.

His house, as has been said, lay contiguous to the house of the shoemaker, and he could not avoid seeing him every time he went out and came in, a circumstance which he at first deemed rather gratifying than otherwise. It prevented his hatred from becoming rapid by setting it a working at least ten times a day, as a musket would a barrel of ale, if discharged into the bung-hole. Its frequency, however, at length sickened him, and he had employed a mason to build a stone wall, which, by stretching from side to side of the close, was to shut up the view, when he sickened in right earnest, and at the end of a few days found himself a dying. Still, however, he was possessed by his one engrossing resentment. It mingled with all his thoughts of the past and of the future; and not only was he to carry it with him to the world to which he was going, but also to leave it behind him as a legacy to his children. Among his many other beliefs, there was a superstition, handed down from the times of the monks, that at the day of final doom, all the people of the sheriffdom were to be judged on the moor of Navity; and both the judgment, and the scene of it, he had indissolubly associated with the shoemaker and the four stones. Experience had taught him the importance of securing a first hearing for his story; for, was his neighbour, he concluded, to be beforehand with him, he would have as slight a chance of being righted at Navity as in his own garden. After brooding over the matter for a whole day, he called his friends and children round his bed, and raised himself on his elbow to address them.

"I'm wearing awa', bairns and neebours," he said, "and it vexes me sair that that wretched bodie should see me going afore him. Mind, Jock, that ye'll build the dike, and make it heigh, heigh, and stobbie on the top; and O keep him out o' my lykewake, for should he but step in at the door, I'll rise, Jock, frae the verra straining board, and do murder. Dinna let him so muckle as look on my coffin. I've been pondering a' this day about the fearful meeting at Navity, and the march-stanes, and I'll tell you, Jock, how we'll match him. Bury me ayont the saint's dike, on the Navity side, and dinna lay me deep. Ye ken the bonny green hillock, speckled o'er wi' gowans and puddock flowers; bury me there, Jock, and yoursels, and the auld wife, may just, when your hour comes, tak up your places beside me. We'll a' get up the first tout—the ane helping the other, and I've wad a' I'm worth i' the world, we'll be half way up at Navity afore the schochlan, short-legged bodie wins o'er the dike." Such was the dying injunction of Sandy Wood, and his tombstone yet remains to testify that it was religiously attended to. An Englishman who came to reside in the parish, nearly an age after, and to whom the story had been imparted in rather an imperfect manner, was shocked by what he deemed his unfair policy. The litigants, he said, should start together; he was certain it would be so in England, where a fair field was all that would be given to St Dunstan himself, though he fought with the devil. And that it might be so here, he buried the tombstone of Wood in an immense heap of clay and gravel. It would keep him down, he said, until the little fellow would have clambered over the wall. The townsfolk, however, who were better acquainted with the merits of the case, shovelled the heap aside; and it now forms two little hillocks, which overtop the stone, and which, from the nature of the soil, are still more scantily covered with verdure than any part of the surrounding bank.



### CHARACTERISTIC SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH POETS.

[The object of these Specimens is to give as thorough an insight into the qualities of our best poets, of whatever degree, as it is in the Editor's power to convey through the medium of brief criticisms, and within the limits of the JOURNAL. It is a work of love with him; and he hopes he may be enough animated by it to put readers of taste, hitherto less acquainted with them, in something like real possession of a knowledge of their merits. At all events, this department of the JOURNAL will contain a succession of extracts from as fine poetry as the world ever saw. Nor will defects be left without the requisite notice; it being the Editor's wish, that after becoming intimate with any one of these Specimens, when complete in all its parts, the readers he alludes to may be enabled, by their own lights, in addition to those furnished them, to speak of the poet for themselves.]

#### NO. I.—CHAUCER.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER was born in London, in the year 1328, apparently of a gentleman's family, and was bred in the court of Edward the Third. He married a sister of Catherine Swynford, mistress, and afterwards wife, to the King's son, John of Gaunt; and was employed in court offices, and in a mission to Italy, where he is supposed to have had an interview with Petrarch. In the subsequent reign he fell into trouble, owing to his connexion with John of Gaunt's party and the religious reformers of those days; upon which he fled to the continent, but returned; and after an imprisonment of three years, was set at liberty, on condition of giving up the designs of his associates;—a blot on the memory of this great poet, and, apparently, otherwise amiable and excellent man, which he has excused as well as he could, by alleging that they treated him ill, and would have plundered and starved him. He died in the year 1400, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, close to which he had had a house, on the site where Henry the Seventh's chapel now stands: so that the Reader, in going along the pavement there, is walking where Chaucer once lived.

His person, in advanced life, tended to corpulency; and he had a habit of looking down. In conversation he was modest, and of few words. He was so fond of reading, that he says he took heed of nothing in comparison, and would sit at his books till he dimmed his eyes with it. The only thing that took him from them was a walk in the fields.

Chaucer (with Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton) is one of the Four Great English Poets; and it is with double justice that he is called the Father of English Poetry, for, as Dante did with Italian, he helped to form its very language. Nay, it burst into luxuriance in his hands, like a sudden month of May. Instead of giving you the idea of an "old" poet, in the sense which the word vulgarly acquires, there is no one, upon acquaintance, who seems so young, consistently with maturity of mind. His poetry rises in the land like a clear morning, in which you see everything with a rare and crystal distinctness, from the mountain to the minutest flower,—towns, solitudes, human beings,—open doors, shewing you the interior of cottages and of palaces,—fancies in the clouds, fairy-rings in the grass; and in the midst of all sits the mild poet, alone, his eyes on the ground, yet with his heart full of everything round him, beating, perhaps, with the bosoms of a whole city, whose multitudes are sharing his thoughts with the daisy. His nature is the greatest poet's nature, omitting nothing in its sympathy (in which respect he is nearer to Shakspeare than either of their two illustrious brethren); and he combines an epic power of grand, comprehensive, and primitive imagery, with that of being contented with the smallest matter of fact near him, and of luxuriating in pure vague animal spirits, like a dozer in a field. His gaiety is equal to his gravity, and his sincerity to both. You could as little think of doubting his word, as the point of the pen that wrote it. It cuts as clear and sharp into you, as the pen on the paper. His belief in the good and beautiful is childlike; as Shakspeare's is that of everlasting and manly youth. Spenser's and Milton's are more scholarly and formal. Chaucer excels in pathos, in humour, in satire, character, and description. His graphic faculty, and healthy sense of the material, strongly ally him to the painter; and perhaps a better idea could not be given of his universality than by saying, that he was at once the Italian and the Flemish painter of his time, and exhibited the pure expression of Raphael, the devotional intensity of Domenichino, the colour and corporeal fire of Titian, the manners of Hogarth, and the homely domesticities of Ostade and Teniers! His faults are coarseness, which was that of his age,—and in some of his poems, tediousness, which is to be attributed to the same cause,—a book being a book in those days, written by few, and when it was written, tempting the author to cram into it everything that he had learnt, in default of there being any encyclopædias. That tediousness was no innate fault of the poet's, is strikingly

manifest, not only from the nature of his genius, but from the fact of his throwing it aside as he grew older and more confident, and spoke in his own person. The 'Canterbury Tales,' his last and greatest work, is almost entirely free from it, except where he gives us a long prose discourse, after the fashion of the day; and in no respect is his 'Palamon and Arcite' more remarkable, than in the exquisite judgment with which he has omitted everything superfluous in his prolix original, 'The Teseide,'—the work of the great, but not poetical, Boccaccio;—(for Boccaccio's heart and nature were poems; but he could not develop them well in verse.)

In proceeding to give specimens from the works of this great poet, the abundance which lies before us is perplexing, and, in order to do anything like justice, we are constrained to be unjust to his context, and to be more piecemeal than we propose to be with others. Our extracts are from the volumes lately given to the world by Mr Clarke, entitled the 'Riches of Chaucer,' in which the spelling is modernized, and the old pronunciation marked with accents, so as to show the smoothness of the versification. That Chaucer is not only a smooth, but a powerful and various versifier, is among the wonders of his advance beyond his age; but it is still doubtful, whether his prosody was always correct in the modern sense,—that is to say, whether all his lines contain the regulated number of syllables, or whether he does not sometimes make time stand for number; or, in other words, a strong and hearty emphasis on one syllable perform the part of two,—as in the verse which will be met with below, about the monk on horseback; of whom he says, that

"Men might his bridle hear  
Gingling in a whistling wind as clear,  
And eke as loud as doth the chapel bell."

SPECIMENS OF CHAUCER'S PORTRAIT-PAINTING AND HUMOUR.

(From the set of Characters at the beginning of the Canterbury Tales.)

#### THE KNIGHT.

And evermore he had a sovereign prise,  
And though that he was worthy he was wise,  
And of his port as meek as a maid.  
He never yet no villainy ne said;  
In all his life unto no manner wight:  
He was a very perfect gentle knight.

#### THE SQUIRE.

With him there was his son, a youngé Squier,  
A lover and a lusty bachelor,  
With lockes curl'd as they were laid in press;  
Of twenty years of age he was I guess.  
Of his stature he was of even length,  
And wonderly deliver, and great of strength;  
And he had been some time in chevachie,†  
In Flaunders, in Artois, and Picardie,  
And borne him well, as of so little space,  
In hope to standen in his lady's grace.

Embroidered was he, as it were a mead  
All full of freshé flowrés, white and red;  
Singing he was or floyting‡ all the day;  
He was as fresh as is the mouth of May:

Courteous he was, lowly and servicable,  
And car'd before his father at the table.

[Which was the custom for sons in those days. His attendant yeoman is painted in a line.]

#### THE YEOMAN.

A nut-head had he with a brown visage.

#### THE PRIORRESS.

There was also a Nun, a Prioress;  
That of her smiling was full simple and coy,  
Her greatest oath n'as but by "Saint Eloy,"  
And she was clep'd Madam Eglantine;  
Full well she sang the service divine,  
Entuned in her nose full sweetly;  
And French she spake full fair and fetisly,  
After the school of Stratford atté Bow,  
For French of Paris was to her unknow:

[A touch of good satire that might tell now!]

At meaté was she well ytaught withal,  
She let no morsel from her lippes fall,  
Ne wet her fingers in her saucé deep;  
Well could she carry a morsel, and well keep.

[These are the elegancies which it was thought necessary to teach in that age.]

But for to speaken of her conscience;  
She was so charitable and so piteous,  
She would weep if that she saw a mouse  
Caught in a trap, if it were dead or bled.  
Of smallé boundes had she, that she fed  
With roasted flesh, and milk, and wastel bread,  
But sore wept she if one of them were dead,  
Of if men smote it with a yardé smart:  
And all was conscience and tender heart.

[What a charming verse is that!]

\* Agile. † Chevachée (French)—military service on horseback. ‡ Fluting.

#### THE MONK.

A Monk there was, a fair for the mast'ry,  
An out-riider, that lovéd venery;  
A manly man to been an abbot able;  
Full many a dainty horse had he in stable,  
And when he rode men might his bridle hear  
Gingling in a whistling wind as clear  
And eke as loud as doth the chapel bell,  
There as this lord was keeper of the cell.

The rulé of Saint Maure and of Saint Bene't,  
Because that it was old, and somedéal strait,  
This ilké monk let oldé thingés pace,  
And held after the newé world the trace.  
He gave not of the text a pulled hen,  
That saith, that hunters be not holy men,  
Nor that a monk when he is reckless,  
Is like to a fish that is waterless;  
This is to say, a monk out of his cloister;  
This ilké text held he not worth an oyster.

His head was bald, and shone as any glass,  
And eke his face, as it had been anoint;  
He was a lord full fat and in good point;  
His eyen steep, and rolling in his head,  
That steamed as a furnace of a lead;  
His bootés supple, his horse in great estate;  
Now certainly he was a fair prelate:

[Of the sly and accommodating Friar we are told, that]

Full sweetly heard he confession,  
And pleasant was his absolution.

This was a couplet that used to delight the late Mr Hazlitt. To give it its full gusto, it should be read with a syllabical precision, after the fashion of Dominic Sampson,

#### THE SCHOLAR.

Him was lever † have at his bed's head  
Twenty bookés, clothéd in black or red,  
Of Aristotle and his philosophy,  
Than robés rich, or fiddle or psaltry:  
But all be that he was a philosopher  
Yet haddé he but little gold in coffer,  
But all that he might of his friendés hent,  
On bookés and on learning he it spent,  
And busily gan for the soules pray  
Of them that gave him wherewith to scholay.  
Of study took he mosté cure and heed;  
Not a word spake he moré than was need;  
And that was said in form and reverence,  
And short and quick, and full of high sentence:  
Sounding in moral virtue was his speech,  
And gladly would he learn and gladly teach.

A noble verse, containing all the zeal and single-heartedness of a true love of knowledge. The account of

#### THE SERGEANT OF THE LAW.

contains a couplet, which will do for time everlasting to describe a bustling man of business. If Fielding had read Chaucer, he would assuredly have applied it to his Lawyer Dowling, who "wished he could cut himself into twenty pieces," he had so much to do.

No where so busy a man as he there n'as,†  
AND YET HE SEEMED BUSIER THAN HE WAS.

#### THE SAILOR.

A Shipman was there, wonéd far by west;  
For aught I wot, he was of Dartmouth:  
He rode upon a rouncy as he coult,

[He rode upon a hack-horse as well as he could.]

All in a gown of falding to the knee.  
A dagger hanging by a lace had he  
About his neck under his arm adown:  
The hoté summer had made his hue all brown:  
And certainly he was a good fellow;  
Full many a draught of wine he haddé draw  
From Bourdeaux ward, while that the chapmen sleep:

Of nicé conscience took he no keep.  
If that he fought and had the higher hand,  
By water he sent them home to every land.  
But of his craft to reckon well his tides,  
His streamés and his strandés him besides;  
His harborow, his moon, and his lodemange,  
There was none such from Hull unto Carthage.  
Hardy he was, and wise, I undertake;  
With many a tempest had his beard been shake:  
He knew well all the havens, as they were  
From Gothland to the Cape de Finistere;  
And every creek in Bretagne and in Spain;  
His barge yclepéd was the Magdalen.

\* Venery—Hunting.

† Rather.

‡ Pronounced nez, was not.

## THE PARISH PRIEST.

Wide was his parish, and houses far asunder,  
But he ne left nought for no rain nor thunder,  
In sickness and in mischief, to visit  
The farthest in his parish much and lite.

He setté not his benefice to hire,  
And let his sheep accumbred in the mire,  
And ran unto London unto Saint Poule's  
To seeken him a chantery for souls,  
Or with a brotherhood to be withold;  
But dwelt at home and kepté well his fold,  
So that the wolf ne made it not miscarry:  
*He was a shepherd and no mercenary;*

He waited after no pomp or reverence,  
Ne makéd him no *spiced conscience*;  
But Christes lore, and his apostles twelve  
He taught, *but first he followed it himselfe.*

How admirably well expressed is *spiced conscience*,—  
a conscience requiring to be kept easy and sweet with  
drugs and luxurious living.

Chaucer's pathos, humour, &c. &c. will require  
two or three more papers.

## TO THE SISTER OF CHARLES LAMB.

COMFORT thee, O thou mourner, yet awhile!

Again shall Elia's smile

Refresh thy heart, when heart can ache no more.

What is it we deplore?

He leaves behind him, freed from griefs and years,

Far worthier things than tears:

The love of friends without a single foe,

Unequall'd lot below!

His gentle soul, his genius, these are thine;

Shalt thou for those repine?

He may have left the lowly walks of men.

Left them he has. What then?

Are not his footsteps followed by the eyes

Of all the good and wise?

Tho' the warm day is over, yet they seek

Upon the lofty peak

Of his pure mind the rosete light that glows

O'er Death's perennial snows.

Behold him! From the spirits of the Blest

He speaks, he bids thee rest.

W. S. LANDOR.

## ILLUSTRIOUS FUN.

It was a favourite joke of the martyred Chancellor (Sir T. More), on his friend Erasmus' name, that it conveyed the notion of his having been formerly, in the Pythagorean theory of pre-existence and transmigration, a very inferior animal—ERAS-MUS.—("Thou wast a mouse.")—*Fraser's Magazine*.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The charming letter of our fair Correspondent in Wales, next week.

Due and most willing attention to \* W \*.

Insertion shall be given, the first opportunity, to "Flowers in Churchyards," by the author of "Stray-Flowers," (not "May-Flowers," as erroneously printed in No 60).

J. B. should by all means attend to his ledgers and his verses, *both*;—founding pleasure on duty.

POWELL's very proper and sensible letter shall be handed over to the gentlemen in whose hands are the subjects he speaks of.

Correspondents in general, who have not yet seen it, will oblige us by reading the notice to them in our last number.

## THE PRINTING MACHINE.

## CURIOSITIES OF LAW AND HISTORY.

*Tracts, Legal and Historical.* By John Riddell, Esq., Advocate. 8vo. pp. 234. Edinburgh. 1835. 7s. 6d.

THIS is a volume full of very curious matter, and yet one which is little likely to fall into the hands of ordinary readers. We shall therefore be doing our proper office as a Journal, one main aim of which is the diffusion of knowledge, in drawing forth a handful or two of its rarities, and scattering them abroad among the many. Its learned author may be said to write only for his learned professional brethren; for although he does occasionally affect the popular, we cannot compliment him on his success in that attempt. On his proper ground of a legal antiquary, however, and especially in the field of family antiquities, where such odd things are frequently to be picked up, Mr Riddell is well known as occupying a place in the very foremost rank of modern enquirers. His great learning here is directed and turned to use by a shrewdness and ingenuity which betoken not only a strong but a highly original mind.

The first, and most important, of the Tracts in the present volume is entitled a 'Reply to Mr Tytler's Historical Remarks on the Death of Richard II.' The Readers of the PRINTING MACHINE will recollect that we gave an abstract of this speculation of Mr Tytler's in our 24th number. That writer's notion is, that Richard lived for nearly twenty years in Scotland after the time that he is generally supposed to have died or been murdered in Pontefract Castle—and that he died in the Castle of Stirling, in the year 1419.

This curious subject, Mr Riddell tells us, was first broached by himself in the Scotch newspaper called the 'Caledonian Mercury,' for the months of July and August, 1829, where, he says, "he introduced his theory as to the supposed Richard, with relative observations and authorities." What his then theory was—whether the same with Mr Tytler's, or the same that he now puts forward,—we are not informed. The volume of Mr Tytler's History (the third) in which the subject is treated of, was published at Edinburgh in the same year.

In the present publication, at all events, Mr Riddell contends that the story of Richard's escape is a mere imagination, and that the individual—for there certainly was such an individual—who personated him in Scotland, was beyond all doubt an impostor, or rather a pretender set up and used by the government of that country as a means of annoying or keeping in check that of the rival kingdom, un-

stable as the latter was at any rate from the circumstances of Henry the Fourth's accession, and the disputable nature of his rights.

In the first place, our author remarks that we have very strong and direct evidence of the fact of Richard's death at Pomfret, early in the year 1400.

"Walsingham, a cotemporary, and a favourite authority of Mr Tytler, informs us that Richard's body, after his decease at Pomfret, on St Valentine's day (the 14th of February), in that year, was exhibited at all the places of note on the route to London, where, in St Paul's Cathedral, in the presence of the King and the Londoners, the funeral service was performed. Otterburn, also a cotemporary, corroborates Walsingham in these particulars, with the addition, that that portion of Richard was disclosed, by which he could be recognized—the face being bare and open from the forehead to the throat. The testimony of Hardyng, independently of being a cotemporary, like the two former, is very important, because, while noticing the funeral ceremony, at the same time, he explicitly says that *he himself saw the corpse of Richard in "herse rial"—that is, in the royal hearse in which it was placed.* \* \* \* Froissard, as he informs us, had been secretary to Edward III., the grandfather of Richard, by whom he had been hospitably entertained, and munificently remembered on his leaving England. 'He states that Richard, after his death, "was placed in a litter, covered with black, and a canopy of the same; four black horses were harnessed to it, and two varlets in mourning conducted the litter, followed by four knights, dressed also in mourning." In this manner they left the Tower, "and paraded the streets, at a foot's pace, until they came to Cheapside, which is the greatest thoroughfare in the city, and there they halted for upwards of two hours. *More than twenty thousand persons of both sexes came to see the King, who lay in the litter, his head on a black cushion, and his face uncovered.*"

In addition to these testimonies, others to the same effect are quoted from Caxton's Chronicle, originally printed in 1480, from Fabyan, and from Speed, who says that the corpse, "barefaced, stood three days for all beholders."

Mr Tytler, however, maintains that the body thus exhibited was not Richard's, but that of a priest of the name of Maudelain. This story he has taken from a French metrical history of Richard's Deposition, which is the only authority for it, and the author of which merely gives it hesitatingly and doubtfully, as his own suspicion. It appears that this person had really attempted to pass himself off for the deposed King, and had some weeks before been, for that act of high treason, put to death by Henry's party. Mr Riddell contends that in these circumstances he would most certainly be drawn, hanged, and quartered, and his members, more especially his head, agreeably to the usual practice, conspicuously ex-

hibited on the bridge or gates of London. "In this event," he remarks, "being familiar to every Londoner, while pelted by the populace and the elements, and rapidly decomposing, they would be admirably adapted forsooth to stand proxy for Richard!" In point of fact several of the old chroniclers expressly tell us that Maudelain's body was so treated. Caxton, for instance, states that he and another of the persons engaged in the same conspiracy were drawn through the City of London to Tyburn, and there hanged, and their heads smitten off, and set on London Bridge. It appears from other authorities here quoted that the attempt of Maudelain, who was a mere puppet in the hands of the Lords opposed to Henry IV., was the sole origin of the rumour respecting Richard's escape, which certainly prevailed about the time of his death, and on which Mr Tytler lays so much stress. Mr Riddell shows that for some time after Richard's death there was an entire absence of any rumour of his being still alive. For instance, the French King, whose daughter Richard had married, upon that event forthwith disbanded a large naval and military armament, which he had prepared with the view of effecting the restoration of his son-in-law; and some years after, in 1406, even allowed his daughter Isabel, Richard's widow, to contract a second marriage with the Duke of Orleans. The fact of this marriage may be considered completely to refute an assertion of Mr Tytler's, founded upon some very inconclusive inferences, that in 1404 and 1405 the French generally believed in Richard's escape and safety.

The rise of the first rumour of Richard being still alive is fixed by Mr Riddell, on the strongest concurrent evidence of documents and historical statements, to the early part of the month of June 1402. It appears that about that time there did appear in Scotland a person bearing a kind of resemblance to Richard, and that he was accompanied by one William Serle. This Serle was a sufficiently notorious character. He had been yeoman of the robes to Richard, and not only one of the chief companions of that prince's low debaucheries, but his ready instrument in his worst acts of violence and tyranny. It was Serle, who, assisted by another minion of the same stamp, murdered, at the King's command, his uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, by throwing a feather-bed on him, and pressing it down with the weight of their bodies until he was suffocated.

"He was a man of the most depraved character; and, according to Walsingham, a cotemporary, an object of execration to the whole kingdom. With Richard's secrets, habits, and manners, no one could be better acquainted. \* \* \* He had, at one



time or other, contrived to steal Richard's signet, so that, with the addition of a little forgery and address, he was well able to impose upon people, by means of supposititious letters from the Prince. When Richard's catastrophe happened, a total reverse, of course, followed in his fortunes—his previous dependence upon Richard, so far from benefiting him, made him unpopular, and an object of distrust; and, finally, the apprehension of Hall, a party in Gloucester's murder, but not so guilty as himself, with his full confession of all the particulars, rendered a stay in England no longer safe; and he, therefore, wisely lost no time in escaping to France.

An old authority, quoted by Leland, expressly states the fact, that Serle had stolen Richard's seal, and that he afterwards confessed having done so. Walsingham says that he forged the seal. Both agree that he made use of such a seal in the plot he now proceeded to get up. It is probable that Serle, either after making the required preparations, proceeded from France to Scotland, taking with him the puppet already mentioned, whose resemblance, in a certain degree, to Richard, is admitted; or, as he afterwards affirmed himself, having heard that there was such a person already personating Richard in Scotland, went over thither and joined him. Serle, at all events, confessed that this person was not Richard. Yet it clearly appears that it was, as we have said, his attempt alone, which gave rise to this first rumour of that King being alive.

"The year 1402," proceeds Mr Riddell, "seems to have been the time when the rumour of Richard's survival, countenanced by the Scots, made the greatest sensation; in 1403 we hear but little of it; and in 1404, the political atmosphere improving, Henry IV was induced to grant a general pardon to all state offenders; but, from this act of clemency, he specially excepts 'William Serle,' and 'Thomas Warde de Trumpington, que se pretende et feigne d'estre roy Richard.'"

Serle was afterwards taken; and, as already noticed, confessed the imposture in which he had been an actor. He confessed that Warde was not the late King Richard. The pretensions of the latter, therefore, may be considered as disposed of. Now, as Mr Riddell states, it is not asserted by any authority, and never has been maintained, that after Maudelain's imposture, there was more than one supposed Richard.

Although Serle, however, after his capture, was hanged and quartered, Warde continued to be protected in Scotland; and he is indisputably the person whom the government of that country, during many years afterwards, professed to treat and occasionally brought forward as the English King. From a curious letter, written in 1407, by the Archbishop of Canterbury to Henry IV, and now, for the first time, printed from the original, preserved in the British Museum, we learn a few particulars respecting this individual. He is described by the Archbishop as *stultus* and *fatuus*, that is, a fool or idiot; and, although the word is partially defaced, there is every reason to believe that in another passage he is called *famulus natus*, one born a servant or domestic. Mr Riddell has shown, that there were various persons of the names of Wyarde and Warde (probably identical), in subordinate situations at the English Court, in the fourteenth century. Among others, it appears, from the Rolls of Parliament, that a John Warde was appointed, by Richard II, his pavilion maker, with certain fees and emoluments. If Thomas Warde of Trumpington was of this family, he would, of course, have had good opportunities of observing Richard's manner and address.

We now come to those entries in the Scottish Exchequer Rolls, respecting sums advanced, from time to time, by the Regent Albany, for the maintenance of the person asserted to be Richard II, upon which Mr Tytler lays so much stress. Mr Riddell says in a note: "The author had seen these entries, respecting the supposed Richard, nearly twenty years ago, in the Rolls in question, when he was examining them, but he cannot say that they made the impression upon him that they seem to have done upon Mr Tytler. They actually prove no more than what we previously knew, and is vouched for by our historians, including Bellenden,—that a person was nominally held to be King Richard by the Scottish Government; nay, their information is restricted to this only, while the other sources are far more communicative."

The designation of the individual to whom the entries refer by the title of King Richard, commences in 1408, and is continued up to 1417, two years before his alleged death. Now, James I. of Scotland was captured by the English in 1405; and upon this, according to our author's conjecture, "The Scots having lost their king, seem to have resolved upon a ridiculous and absurd reprisal, by affecting to show that they also had a rival monarch in custody." The first entry, in 1408, it is to be observed, is retrospective; referring to charges which had been incurred some time before.

"The funds," proceeds Mr Riddell, "assigned both for his sustenance and confinement, amounted to the mighty sum of one hundred marks. In the year 1404, the salary of James Wedale, a mace in Exchequer, was ten pounds, and at the same time the gown of the door-keeper there cost two pounds. These facts may throw light upon the amount of the sum expended on the supposed Richard, for it is well known that a mark was much less than a pound Scots, the value of the former being only thirteen shillings and four-pence of our (Scottish) money. Hence, it must be confessed that the Scots attempted the deception at a cheap rate, and certainly with no regard to the conceived royalty and importance of their prisoner. We are here unavoidably forced to contrast his treatment with that of James I., a real monarch, when a captive in England. The difference is striking, even as we learn from Mr Tytler, who says that James I. 'was provided with the best masters, treated with uniform kindness, and waited on with the honours due to his rank.'"

Mr Riddell next proceeds to trace the future history of Warde, by the original notices of him which remain, with the view of showing that he remained in Scotland till his death. First, we find Henry IV. on the 29th of January 1409, conveying to another person the eight acres of land in Trumpington which had belonged to Warde, on the ground of his forfeiture, but without any mention of his death. Then, it appears by the Rolls of Parliament, that during the investigations into the March conspiracy, in 1415, "it transpired that some persons had secretly cast their eyes upon 'Thomas of Trumpington, an idiot,' of whom they were to avail themselves like another Maudelain, and bring from Scotland to personify Richard." In 1415, therefore, our author continues, "Thomas of Trumpington is explicitly shewn to have been an idiot, capable of personifying Richard, and still resident in Scotland, where, under the appellation of the Scottish impostor, he obviously figures in 1417, as will be seen in the sequel. Now, in addition to all this, when we have the statement of the Scottish Winton, a cotemporary, upon whom, too, Mr Tytler places such great reliance, and who had no access to English writers or authorities, that the *Scottish Richard* was *crazed*, while he also questions his royalty, can we, under these circumstances, entertain a doubt of the identity of the latter with Warde, especially when there is not a tittle of evidence, or even plausible surmise, to shake or rebut them? It is humbly conceded that the point is established to demonstration, and in a way not only remarkable, but hardly to be expected in a matter of antiquity. \* \* \* It may be only here added, that a 'Tractat of a part of ye Inglis Cronikle,' printed at the Auchinlech Press, from the Aslowan Manuscript, states in reference to the supposed Richard, that he "deit a beggar and out of his mynd, and was erdit (buried) in the Black Freris in Strivling." It is curious that two years before the death of the latter his pension was stopped, the Scots being at last tired of the imposture."

We can only afford room for the following additional extract:—

"During the whole time that the Scottish Government detained Warde, or the pseudo-Richard, it is unquestionable that they did not venture to make a hostile exhibition of him. As is proved by the Scottish Exchequer Rolls, he was kept in close custody, and not allowed to exceed the bounds of his imprisonment. This is fully explained by the circumstance of the imposture; if brought into view, his madness and ignorance, if not appearance also, would soon have unmasked him; and hence it was impracticable to send him to the borders, or to enable him to act against England. \* \* \* What is also remarkable, his seclusion in Scotland was not owing to any wish of the Regent Albany to conciliate the English, or in consequence of an interested system of forbearance, because it is proved, independently of other things, by a letter of Henry V. (in 'Ellis's Original Letters,') that Albany, in 1417, had conspired with his enemies to dispatch the pseudo-Richard to England with hostile intentions (the words are, 'to stir what he may'). The latter, here, is appropriately styled the '*Mammet*' (that is, the impostor, or puppet,) '*of Scotland*.' The will, therefore, of making the most of the phan-

tom, was not wanting to Albany, but merely the power, and, accordingly, however he might threaten, he could not act; and, therefore, while he fed his allies with such vain hopes in order to annoy the English, the enterprise, as it is hardly necessary to add, being quite impracticable, proved abortive. \* \*

"The conduct of the Scots towards the pseudo-Richard, is strikingly contrasted with the treatment of James I. by the English, of whose reality there could be no doubt. They had no scruple in exhibiting him upon all occasions; they not only recognized him as a prince, but actually treated him as one, giving him the seat of honour beside Catherine the wife of Henry V. at the festival of her coronation; nay, they even carried him into France, and displayed him in front of the English and French armies, that his presence might recall his subjects from the French ranks, and induce them to side with the English. It is further remarkable, that many of the Scots resorted to James during his captivity, that they might behold and converse with their lawful monarch, nor does it appear that access was denied them. \* \* \* But so far from this, the supposed Richard is carefully withheld from English inspection, and while, after all, but a harmless instrument in the hands of his detainers, is ever veiled in that mystery and concealment which are the sure indications of imposture. A circumstance mentioned by Bower, may illustrate the policy of the Scots in this respect. In the year 1405, or thereabouts, the Earl of Northumberland, then the enemy of Henry IV., but who had resolved to support the cause of Richard II., if alive, having fled to Scotland, desired, naturally enough, to converse with this counterfeiter,—but no, he found it impossible, for the latter would not see him—although, the historian adds, that Albany used his efforts to promote the interview. Any person, with but little penetration, may discover that this was a mock interference on the part of the latter; for if he had been sincere on the occasion, the supposed Richard, whether he wished it or not, could easily have been brought into view. But Albany knew well that the exhibition of the stranger and idiot to one like Northumberland, who had been intimately acquainted with the real Richard, would have unmasked the imposture, and, therefore, it may be inferred; wisely enough, laboured in secret to frustrate the object of the nobleman."

We must say that we think all this is abundantly conclusive. But Mr Riddell has, in the course of his able dissertation, adverted also to many minor points, which we have not space to notice. Several curious matters, besides the main subject of the investigation, are also incidentally illustrated.

The second tract is entitled, 'Observations upon the representation of the Rusky and Lennox Families, and other points in Mr Napier's Memoirs of Marchiston.' It is likewise full of curious matter, though its leading objects and conclusions are of less general interest.

Of the third and last tract also, we can only now give the title. It is 'Upon the Law of Legitimation per Subsequens Matrimonium,' or that principle of the Scottish law which, on the marriage of the parents, legitimizes the children born to them at any previous time. Mr Riddell's investigation of the history of this principle, and of the manner in which it appears to have crept into, and established itself in, the law of Scotland, is perhaps at once the most novel and the most important deduction in the book. At the present moment, when the subject of the Scottish law of marriage, in all its parts, is about to be brought before Parliament, the present Essay possesses peculiar interest.

#### MILTON'S POETICAL WORKS.

*The Poetical Works of John Milton.* Edited by Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart. With Imaginative Illustrations. By J. M. W. Turner, Esq. R.A. Vol. I. London. Macrone.

This volume contains the life of our great epic poet, which is written with considerable taste and feeling by Sir Egerton Brydges, and which, though not uniformly fair, certainly does infinitely more justice to the genius and moral character of Milton than the Memoir of Dr Johnson that still precedes the 'Paradise Lost,' and the other poems, in nearly all our cheap and popular editions.

Johnson's political feelings and high-church predilections, which he nursed until they became absolute passions, the whole turn of his mind, and all his habits of life, peculiarly unfitted him to be the biographer of the republican and puritan John Milton; and to this must be added, that Johnson had no taste whatsoever for the high and imaginative order of



poetry, and would have been inclined to disparage that of Milton even without the bias of party and polemics.

On his side the present biographer has also tastes and aspirations wholly at variance with those of the foreign secretary of the Commonwealth and friend of Cromwell. Sir Egerton Brydges is enamoured of the pomp and power of royalty, the recollections of feudality, the honours of ancient descent, the distinctions of names and ranks, and he loves the title of "My Lord," with a passion amounting almost to insanity. But Sir Egerton, unlike Johnson, appreciates and most enthusiastically admires Milton's poetry, and, though he hates his politics, he charitably makes allowances, acquits him of all base motives, and only in one instance admits that Milton's conduct is to be for ever condemned or deplored. The animus of the work is indeed all charity and affection towards the blind bard, but if Milton could rise from the dead he would frown indignantly at the excuses put in by the biographer for the very writings and doings in which he most gloried, and he would protest with a "trumpet-blast" against the attempt to exonerate him at the expense of his party and the moral character of the people of England.

It is precisely in these uncalled-for excuses and shiftings of responsibility and blame—in the mawkish regrets that Milton should ever have taken part in public affairs, or composed those disputatious prose works which, in their day, produced more effect than fleets and armies, that the objectionable part of this memoir by Sir Egerton Brydges chiefly lies, and it really destroys one's equanimity to hear him labour and plead for the author of 'Defensio pro Populo Anglicano,' as though he were pleading for one who is at the same time his pet, and a criminal.

In spite of these objections, we have been greatly pleased with parts of the book. Sir Egerton thus states his motives for writing it—

"I am conscious what talents far above mine it requires to treat adequately the subject I have here undertaken; but others, as weak as I am, have already entered on the task with less respectfulness and less love, and I am willing to attempt to wipe away some of the stains they have left. For fifty years I have had an unquenchable desire to refute Johnson's *perverse criticisms and malignant obloquies*. I know not by what spell his authority over the public is still great."

"We think he has been completely successful in his refutation of the criticism, and, (as far as Milton's private life is concerned,) of the malignant obloquies. Sir Egerton's running commentary on the different poems is exceedingly animated and agreeable; his sympathy with Milton's muse, the chaste and holy Urania, is warm and almost complete; and he generally speaks as a man thoroughly in earnest, whose heart's core glows with his subject and pours out the loving admiration he gives voice to. Admitting generally the justice of his criticism, we cannot, however, help thinking that he estimates too lowly those exquisite compositions, 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso.'"

The materials for Milton's private life are not very numerous, and though our biographer has put together such as exist in an agreeable manner, he has not added to them. By far the most interesting of these materials are derived from Milton's own works—from the very prose works which Sir Egerton repeatedly deplores he should ever have written. As this cheap and elegant edition is calculated to have a large circulation among the people, we are, however, of opinion that by giving these passages, which in the original are mostly in Latin, in good plain idiomatic English, our biographer has done good service to the public and to the cause of liberty, for Milton hardly ever speaks of himself, of his sufferings and his misfortunes, except in connection with that great cause, or with the subject of education, which he ever considered as the only sure basis of a rational and lasting freedom.

Most of our Readers will remember, that when Milton wrote 'Paradise Lost,' 'Paradise Regained,' and 'Samson Agonistes,' (the three greatest of his works) he was stone-blind; but many may not be aware how he lost his sight, or know of the existence

of a splendid passage we are about to quote, and which is given in Sir Egerton Brydges' volume.

Milton's eyes, which, as he tells us himself, "were naturally weak," were sadly injured by night-reading and the intensity of his study from his childhood upward. In the scrupulous unflinching performance of the most laborious duties of his office as Latin Secretary to the Commonwealth, and in his incessant efforts to defend with the pen the cause he had embraced, he completely lost the sight of one of his eyes in the year 1651. Nor even then, though fully aware of his impending fate, would he in any way relax his exertions, nor would he lay down the pen which he conscientiously believed he used for the best interests of his country and mankind, until for him it was "total eclipse all night"—until (in 1652) he had lost the sight of both his eyes, and, as he says in a pathetic sonnet, "lost them overplied in liberty's defence."

The melancholy news of his blindness had no sooner gone abroad than Du Moulin, an author retained by that religious and virtuous prince, Charles II, announced to the world that the poet's calamity was a visitation or judgment of the Almighty. To this savage and blasphemous assumption, Milton replied—

"I wish that I could with equal facility refute what this barbarous opponent has said of my blindness; but I cannot do it, and I must submit to the affliction. *It is not so wretched to be blind, as it is not to be capable of enduring blindness.* But why should I not endure a misfortune, which it behoves everyone to endure if it should happen, which may, in the common course of things, happen to any man, and which has been known to have happened to the most distinguished and virtuous persons in history? What is reported of the Augur Tiresias is well known, of whom Apollonius sung thus in his 'Argonautics':—

'To men he dared the will divine disclose,  
Nor feared what Jove might in his wrath impose.  
The Gods assign'd him age without decay,  
But snatch'd the blessing of his sight away.'

"But God himself is truth; in propagating which, as men display a greater integrity and zeal, they approach nearer to the similitude of God, and possess a greater portion of his love. We cannot suppose the Deity envious of truth, or unwilling that it should be freely communicated to mankind: the loss of sight, therefore, which this inspired sage, who was so eager in promoting knowledge among men, sustained, cannot be considered as a judicial punishment: and did not our Saviour himself declare, that that poor man whom he had restored to sight had not been born blind either on account of his own sins, or those of his progenitors?"

"And with respect to myself, though I have accurately examined my conduct, and scrutinized my soul, I call thee, O God, the searcher of hearts, to witness that I am not conscious, either in the more early or in the later periods of my life, of having committed any enormity which might deservedly have marked me out as a fit object for such a calamitous visitation; but since my enemies boast that this affliction is only a retribution for the transgressions of my pen, I again invoke the Almighty to witness that I never at any time wrote anything which I did not think agreeable to truth, to justice, and to piety. This was my persuasion, then, and I feel the same persuasion now. Thus, therefore, when I was publicly solicited to write a reply to the defence of the royal cause, when I had to contend with the pressure of sickness, and with the apprehension of soon losing the sight of my remaining eye, and when my medical attendants clearly announced, that if I did engage in this work it would be irreparably lost, their premonitions caused no hesitation, and inspired no dismay: I would not have listened to the voice even of Esculapius himself from the shrine of Epidauris, in preference to the suggestions of the heavenly monitor within my breast. My resolution was unshaken, though the alternative was either the loss of my sight, or the desertion of my duty; and I called to mind those two destinies which the oracle of Delphi announced to the son of Thetis.

"I considered that many had purchased a less good by a greater evil, the meed of glory by the loss of life; but that I might procure great good by little suffering; that, though I were blind, I might still discharge the most honourable duties, the performance of which, as it is something more durable than glory, ought to be an object of superior admiration and esteem; I resolved, therefore, to make the short interval of sight which was left me to enjoy as beneficial as possible to the public interest.

"But, if the choice were necessary, I would, Sir, prefer my blindness to yours; yours is a cloud spread over the mind, which darkens both the light of reason and of conscience; mine keeps from the view only the coloured surfaces of things, while it leaves me at liberty to contemplate the beauty and stability of virtue and of truth. How many things are there besides, which

I would not willingly see; how many which I must see against my will; and how few which I feel any anxiety to see! There is, the Apostle has remarked, a way to strength through weakness. Let me then be the most feeble creature alive, as long as that feebleness serves to invigorate the energies of my rational and immortal spirit; as long as in that obscurity, in which I am enveloped, the light of the Divine presence more clearly shines! And, indeed, in my blindness, I enjoy in no inconsiderable degree the favour of the Deity; who regards me with more tenderness and compassion in proportion as I am able to behold nothing but himself. Alas! for him who insults me, who maligns and merits public execration! For the Divine law not only shields me from injury, but almost renders me too sacred to attack; *not indeed so much from the privation of my sight, as from the overshadowing of those heavenly wings, which seem to have occasioned this obscurity.* To this I ascribe the more tender assiduities of my friends, their soothing attentions, their kind visits, their reverential observances."—*Defensio Secunda pro Populo Anglicano; or Second Defence for the English People.*

#### HOW TO OBSERVE.

*How to Observe—Geology.* By H. T. De la Beche. F. R. S., Hon. Sec. G. S., Memb. Geo. Soc. of France; Corr. Memb. Acad. Nat. Sci. Philadelphia, &c. Post 8vo. Pp. 312. Knight. London. 1835.

This is not a treatise on geology: but it is a book which professes to teach persons but slightly acquainted with that science "how to observe" facts of importance, which might otherwise pass unnoticed. The very prominent place which geology has, within a recent period, assumed, and the increased attention which it is receiving, have rendered such a work as this a very great desideratum to a large number of persons, especially to students and travellers. In all sciences based on observation, and in every branch of knowledge, whether called a science or not, nothing is acquired by a beginner with more slowness and difficulty than the power of distinguishing the facts that are not, from those that are, really worthy of attention, and what are the really essential circumstances in each fact.

It has generally been thought that this faculty or power could not be preceded by, but must result from great acquirements and much experience in any particular branch of knowledge. That it must thus be acquired in its perfection, there can be no dispute; but were it possible that some portion of it might be communicated to those who are yet young in science, not only would their course be smoothed and their labour much diminished, but many more persons than can now be so usefully employed, would be placed in a condition for observing facts which have not come under the notice of experienced observers, and which might yet materially conduce to the advancement of knowledge. Mr De la Beche has, in the work before us, demonstrated the practicability of this in the instance of geology; and in the continuation of the series, of which the present is the first volume, the process is to be extended to other branches of knowledge. We have the most sanguine expectations of the good likely to result from this attempt; the effect of which must be to multiply a thousand fold the hands dispersed abroad throughout the world, gathering, in unexplored places, the facts which are necessary to the nourishment and growth of knowledge.

Such instruction as is thus afforded must be of particular value to travellers, or rather to the world through them. It seldom happens, that those who have opportunities of exploring distant regions and accumulating unregistered facts, are those best qualified to turn such advantages to account. Therefore, to teach persons to whom, in the circumstances of life, such opportunities are afforded, "how to observe," is to confer a great boon, not less on science than on the traveller himself. How on science, we have already seen; and how on the traveller is easily shown. We speak from some experience, when we say, in this matter of geology, for instance, that nothing can be more annoying to one who has occasion to travel in regions not often visited by any, and never by men of science, than to

feel his own inability to observe and register facts which would be no less creditable to himself than useful to science. There is also much mortification and some shame attending the consciousness, that one is unable to make any use of opportunities which a man of science would prize beyond expression. Hitherto, travellers have been able to escape pretty well, in consideration of the long previous study of the science which, it was supposed, could alone qualify them to contribute to its advancement; but now that they are taught "how to observe," without any intimate acquaintance with the science being necessary, we really do not know what excuse will remain for them.

The book is illustrated with plenty of wood-cuts and diagrams, a specimen of which, as well as of the text of the work, we give the Reader in the following extract:—

#### ABRASION OF COASTS BY WAVES.

"We may here notice this power, which is the greatest land-abrading force with which we are acquainted, particularly when its effects are collectively considered.

"Properly to estimate the effects of this power, the observer should be presented to some exposed coast, such as that of the western part of Ireland, the Land's End, Cornwall, or among the Western Islands

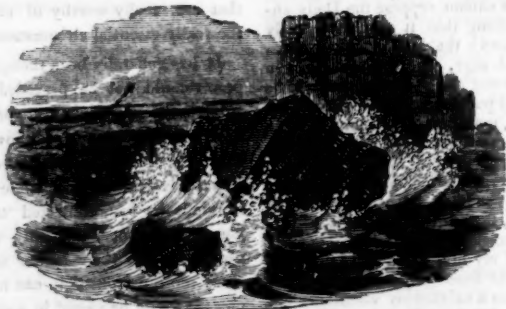
of Scotland, during a heavy gale from the westward, and mark the crash of a heavy Atlantic billow when it strikes the coast. The blow is sometimes so heavy that the rock will seem to tremble beneath his feet. He will generally find in such situations, that though the rocks are scooped and caverned into a thousand fantastic shapes, they are still hard rocks, for no others could continue to resist long the almost incessant action of such an abrading force. Having witnessed such a scene, he will be better able to appreciate the effects, even though the waves be inferior in size, upon the softer rocks of other coasts."

"An observer will scarcely have long directed his attention to the abrading power of waves breaking on coasts, before he will discover many circumstances which modify the effects that would be otherwise produced. He will see that the abrasion of coasts is often greatly assisted by land-springs, as they are termed, that, as it were, shove the cliff into the power of the breakers by moistening a body of rock, which thus loses its cohesive powers, and is launched in the direction of least resistance, or seaward. Other encroachments are made by the fall of masses of cliff, undermined by the waves, the cohesive power of the rock not being equal to its weight, or the action of gravity downwards. If, as in the annexed sketch, a rock be even sufficiently cohesive in the mass, to admit of the considerable excavation there represented without falling, a time must come, if the breakers continue to work in the same direction, when the weight of the superincumbent mass would be such that it must fall.



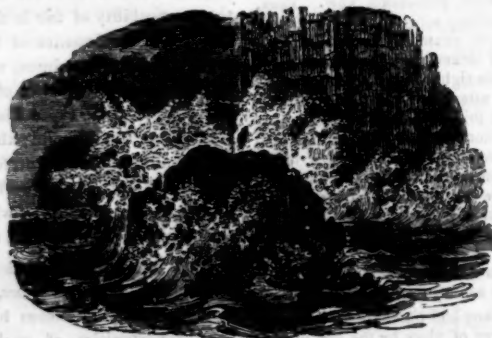
"When, however, a great mass of cliff does fall, in the manner noticed above, the observer should direct his attention to its conservative influence. To

appreciate this, he will consider the hardness of the rock, the position in which it has fallen, and its new power of breaking the waves further from the coast.



"If the mass of fallen rock be stratified, much will depend upon the face presented to the breakers; for if it fall so that the plane of the beds remains sloping seaward, as in the above figure, it will act as a well-

contrived wall erected to defend the cliff: but if the beds should be exposed vertically after the fall, as in the subjoined figure,



the future destruction of the cliff will be far more rapid, and its conservative influence consequently less."—Pp. 52–56.

There is more on the subject to which the above extract relates, but we reserve our space for another extract from the concluding part of the volume, which treats of the application of geology to the useful purposes of life. The following is part of what is said under the head of *Building*:—

"The observer desirous of selecting a stone to be exposed to atmospheric influences, would do well to

study the mode in which it is *weathered* in the locality whence it is obtained. He may there learn which part, if it be a compound rock, is liable to give way before such influences, and the conditions under which it does so. Granite, generally, is considered a proper material for national monuments. Some granites, however, though they may be hard and difficult to work when first taken from a quarry, are among the worst building materials, in consequence of the facility with which the felspar in them decomposes when exposed to the action of a wet atmosphere, in a climate which may be warm during part of the year, and cold during the other. Rocks which contain compact felspar are often very durable. Some of

the *elcans*, as they are provincially termed, of Cornwall, seem to be particularly durable when exposed to atmospheric influences; for some of the old and external carved stone work of the churches constructed with this material in that part of England, is as perfect as when first put up.

"Rocks which readily absorb moisture, such as many of those which are termed freestones, are exceedingly bad for the external portions of exposed public buildings; since, in counties where frosts occur, the freezing of the water in the wet surface continually peels off the latter, and eventually destroys the ornamental work carved upon it. It should be recollected that freestones, so termed because they are easily worked, are often valued because they may be cut readily when first taken from the quarry, and subsequently become harder when exposed to the atmosphere; and that this quality arises from the evaporation of the water contained in the stone when forming part of the natural rock. Now, some of these freestones again readily absorb moisture, while others do not, and an observer should ascertain this fact by experiment before any given freestone is selected.

"Some freestones are formed of particles of sand cemented together by different substances, the cementing matter being sometimes siliceous, at others calcareous, and at others again formed of oxide of iron. In the first case, the freestone would not suffer from the chemical action of atmospheric influences upon it; while, in the second, rain water containing carbonic acid would tend to dissolve the calcareous matter, and deprive the sand of its cement; and, in the third, the action of atmospheric influences would tend to render the material unsightly by staining it with iron rust.

"The little attention that has been paid, in the erection of national monuments in this country, to the durability of the materials of which they are constructed, is well known. There is no want of good materials if they would be sought out; and it often occurs to the geologist to find them. A more beautiful stone for public works can no where be obtained than from a mass of white granite near Okehampton, in Devonshire. Judging from the weathered character of this rock, it must be extremely durable. It is composed of white felspar, quartz, and mica, and looks as white as statuary marble. Hitherto, we believe, this beautiful material has only been formed into one or two chimney-pieces."—Pp. 308–311.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FROM among various expressions of regret which we have received from the old readers of the *PRINTING MACHINE*, at the discontinuance of that *JOURNAL* as a separate publication, we have to notice a letter signed *CARTHUSIANUS*, for the kind terms of which we beg to return the writer our thanks. As for the points which he suggests, we had not failed to give them our best consideration while arranging our new plan; but we came to the conclusion (on the representation of those most conversant with such matters), that the complexity of separate pagings for the two works would be likely to be felt rather as an annoyance than an accommodation by the great majority of readers. It is a plan which has been repeatedly tried, but has never, as we understand, given satisfaction, or succeeded. Let us add, that, while, for convenience sake, the two departments of the *JOURNAL* will be kept under separate superintendence, our object is, that they should nevertheless be really united and incorporated—that they should form one, not two works. We apprehend (besides all other considerations) that we thus take a ground on which we stand still more distinctly alone among the publications of our class than even the *LONDON JOURNAL* has hitherto done, and that we attain a comprehensiveness beyond that of any other such publication. We look to this entire and cordial partnership for much of our expected success. Then, as for commencing a new volume, in other words an entirely new work, with our present number, although of course we should have been glad to do so for the sake of the purchasers of the *PRINTING MACHINE*, we felt that it would have been unfair to the much more numerous purchasers of the *LONDON JOURNAL* to break the work, at so early a period of its existence, into two series. As the work, although extended and additionally diversified in its contents, still retains the form of the *LONDON JOURNAL*, and not that of the *PRINTING MACHINE*, it was thought proper that it should be in all other respects identified with the former. After all, the old readers of the *PRINTING MACHINE* who shall continue to take in the work in its present shape, are only in the same circumstances with all new subscribers to any work which has been for some time going on—although we confess we wish we could have relieved them entirely even from any inconvenience or disadvantage incidental to that position.

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